

Sponge Fishing at Tripoli.

Tripoli, which has been ceded to Italy by Turkey, will bring the former some enhanced prestige in the Mediterranean, but not much commercial advantage. Sponge fishing is one of the few industries, and is carried on chiefly by Greeks. Since sharks have reached that coast from the Red sea, by way of the Suez canal, the sponge fishery has become a dangerous business. The men remain several minutes under water, a rope being tied around the body, which the diver jerks when he wishes to be hauled up with his catch. Some few years ago a sponge fisher dived down with a marble slab in his hands, to make him sink more quickly. A shark met him and half swallowed him head first, lacerating him badly, but not appreciating the marble, rejected both. The man let go the slab, and made for the surface, the short-sighted shark luckily going after the marble.

Where Turks Crushed Serbs.

It was on the banks of the Maritz, near Adrianople, in 1364, that the Turks first came into conflict with the young Slavonic races—the Servians, the Bosnians, the Bulgarians, Louis I., king of Hungary and Poland, with the princes of Bosnia, Serbia and Wallachia, had decided to conquer the sultan, a task that the Greeks had been unable to manage. The Turks were only half as strong as the allies; but the commander took advantage of their intoxication to make a sudden night attack. The Slavs were aroused by the beating of the Turkish drums. The Ottomans were upon them before they could stand to arms. They were like wild beasts scared from their lair," says Sa'd-ud-Din: "speeding from the field of light to the waste of flight, those objects poured into the stream Maritz, and were drowned." The spot can still be seen on the map as Sirf Sindughl, the "Serbs' rout."

Wonderful Transparency of Metals.

Gold leaf of a thickness of four millionths of an inch will, in a cold state, allow the green rays of light to pass through, but this the only example of light penetrability among metals in a cold state. Recently, however, scientists have turned their attention to the fact, discovered by Faraday, that gold and silver foil become transparent if heated. Thus it has been found that at about 1,000 degrees F. gold foil somewhat thinner than that already mentioned becomes completely transparent to white light, while a very thin film of silver placed on a glass plate becomes transparent at about 740 degrees F., the combination of silver and glass no longer acting as a mirror. Several other metals have been found to possess the same property when intensely heated, but aluminum, despite its lightness, has so far proved impenetrable by light.

Blind Girls at the Phone.

The blind telephone girl has been tried and proven a success in Baltimore. Miss Elsie Soderman, the first, operates the exchange for the Sheppard-Pratt asylum. Recently the Maryland School for the Blind turned out five other well trained girls and the managers believe they can open this field of work to many others. These girls are working with the regulation switchboards, but a new kind of board is being planned which will simplify the training and increase the efficiency of the sightless operators. The most difficult board now operated by blind girls is that at the Young Women's Christian association in Philadelphia. Like a hotel, the association club and home has 200 rooms and eight pay stations, and the blind operators are as accurate and quick as other girl operators.

His Support Poor.

A Mississippi Democrat made several efforts to get a congressional nomination. He was soundly beaten every time, and at last announced that he was going over to the Republican party. Hundreds of negroes were in the district and among them the new leader did most of his work of organization. He built up clubs and held meetings and when another election period came had himself nominated. The negroes paraded diligently and the campaign had all the outward appearance of being full of hustle, but when the ballot boxes were opened there were but two votes for the former Democrat, and on top of that he was arrested for repeating—Chicago Evening Post.

American Character in 1793.

The arrest of Mlad Mitchell, a young American and protégé of Baron von Steuben, by the Spanish commandant of New Madrid, Mo., in 1793, on the charge of espionage, gave Don Manuel Gayoso de Lemos, lieutenant governor of Upper Louisiana, an opportunity to express his opinions of Americans. Writing to Baron de Carondelet, lord governor at New Orleans, he said: "In general that (inconsistency) is the character of the majority of Anglo-Americans. Yet another feature of their character is that if they find an abode in another country they forget their own and for a time usually serve with efficiency."

Bucolic Notions.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, apropos of pure Christmas foods, said the other day in Chicago: "I know a woman, fresh from the country, who complained to her cook, during the holidays: 'Our cider is watery, the turkey has no flavor, I can't find any meat in the mincemeat, and back home they'd hardly give to the pigs such a mass of adulteration as that tinned plum pudding we had for yesterday's dinner.' The cook smiled tolerantly. 'You'll get over them rural notions after a while,' she said."

RUSE OF SISTER JEAN

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

Wingfield looked at his sister Jean, frowning heavily. She sat across the room from him her head bent, her hands discolored but stitching deftly at something—something that roused him to anger. He flung his book half way across the desk in front of him, got up laggardly, and said, balancing himself with both hands upon the desk-top:

"Patches are premeditated poverty. You know that—yet you do worse than patch. Is this the third or fourth time you've made over that hat? I'm sick of seeing it—of seeing you messing with it. A new one, much better looking, would cost only a couple of dollars—I believe you insist upon trimming such things yourself."

"Correct! Every way," Jean answered impassively. "I am not in love with my hat-making—nor even with my own way of trimming. Maybe I might be if—"

"If what?" Wingfield asked almost savagely as she paused.

She smiled at him—rather a hard smile but wistful. "I was about to say if I could buy the things I like—rather than the things I can afford," she said.

"You mean those poodle-dog feathers that fly in the face of everybody?" Wingfield queried.

She shook her head, saying, "No—praise be. Willow plumes don't tempt me in the least. But I would like—say for this summer—a real fine straw—the seven-dollar sort, as pliable as cloth almost and very rich broad pale purple velvet for a bow and a trail of orchids. I say just the thing yesterday—for seventeen dollars—and a Paris tip, inside the crown—to make believe it came from there."

"Go get it!" Wingfield ordered, pulling a roll of bills from his pocket and tossing them to her.

She did not touch the money. She looked at him steadily, smiling still that old smile. "I have never yet put the rent intoinery," she said, dropping her eyes.

Wingfield scowled. "I am beginning to believe it might better for us if you did," he said. "You're not a bit bad-looking—but nobody wants a dowdy anywhere. That's how you're left out of things. I have to go—it is part of the game to be seen right—and things are slow enough as it is."

"I have not complained," Jean said calmly. "It is not very—exhilarating—eating bread and cheese in the kitchen alone, when you are with your friends. Still, somehow I would rather stick to the bread and cheese. They do not bore me—not anything like the gang which haunts those table d'hôte places."

Jean has risen, hat in hand. She turned to the mirror and set it upon her head, speculation in her eyes, a stronger frown underneath the brim.

"It looks like a last year's bird nest," she commented, tossing it at the ceiling and catching it askew. "Nobody would believe I was once a fielder, though a substitute," she said with a faint twinkle. "Do you remember the game Tim? Out in the back lot—I was just thirteen and gawky as a young calf—but I could run—and had the only pair of real legs left available."

"I remember—well," Tim nodded. "That was a game sure. Accident was epidemic—ten of our noble team, canned with sprained legs, arms, shoulders—what not. But not a one could have caught the fly you did—it saved the game for us. That reminds me—I met Treptow last week—and almost the first thing he said was: 'Where is that sister of yours? The girl of the fly?'"

"You didn't tell him—of course," Jean said quietly.

Wingfield looked down. "You know I can't tell people," he said almost fretfully, "if they know I—we kept house they'd expect—O! hang it! You know why."

"Perfectly," Jean said. "You are ashamed to seem poor—you'd mind that worse, much worse, than being poor. You like to be liberal—mind—I don't say extravagant. Since you earn most of the money, you have a right to spend it as you choose. I have never complained—I never shall. But this I ask—if Billy Treptow comes in your way again—ask him here to dinner."

"Ask him! When he has all the rich folk running after him! Don't you know that?" Wingfield demanded.

Jean nodded, but persisted. "Ask him. I know he'll come—if you tell him I am to be cook."

Somehow Wingfield did ask Billy. In fact, he could not very well escape it, because Billy developed suddenly a turn of inquiry that quickly brought out the facts. Jean was in the city—keeping house for her brother—Billy straightway demanded the address.

Wingfield went home laggardly. It was late when he got there—too late for anything but a hurried change of costume. It took him all back to find the living room deserted, the dining room, a tiny place, likewise empty except for massed roses. He wondered if, after all, Billy Treptow was not coming. It was five minutes past the hour. Suddenly from the kitchen he heard voices and laughter.

Pushing into the door—there was not room to go clean inside—he saw Billy with both arms about Jean, whose hands upheld a platter of delectable fried chicken. She was laughing and saying: "Mind! You'll upset your dinner," to which he was answering, "Not on your life. I've been waiting five years to eat your cooking—now I mean to eat it all ways."

Spirit Appeared to Brother.

In recent years no African explorer has gripped the popular imagination more than the ill-fated Capt. Boyd Alexander, who was done to death in a gallant effort to induce certain native tribes to live at peace with each other. The story of his last expedition to the Dark Continent has been published. The book contains the explorer's diary of the expedition, this, curiously enough, being the only diary he ever kept, having been accustomed on former occasions to trust to his carefully drawn maps, and his retentive memory. The book has been edited by the explorer's brother, Mr. Herbert Alexander, who relates a strange dream, which should be of interest to students of the occult. "I saw Boyd," he says, "illuminated from the darkness of night, standing up, surrounded by angry natives, who were armed. He was trying to speak to me, but I did not hear his voice, rather it was as if the whole air was echoing, 'I am in their power.' Then suddenly he was swallowed up in darkness."

With Modern Methods.

The elder sighed. "Well, brother," he said to the white-chokered stranger, "I wish you joy of your lease. The old building has been a hoodoo ever since I can remember. We never had a pastor who could fill it." The white chokered stranger nodded. "I'll be turning 'em away inside of a month," he cheerfully said. The elder stared. "And may I ask to what denomination you belong?" "I belong to the film denomination," replied the stranger, briskly. "Four moving pictures at every performance, with a complete change three times a week—and all for the small sum of five cents!" And he turned away to direct the placing of the ticket pagoda and the automatic piano.

Whaling Curiosity.

A whale without an ounce of oil in its carcass is surely a curiosity. The crew of the New Zealand Whaling company's Bakura relate that a whale 80 feet long, rather bedraggled looking, but of fair size, was brought in by one of the company's vessels to Russell to be boiled down. The customary cutting-up process was gone through and the parts put into the boilers. But not an ounce of oil could be obtained, and it turned out that the whale had marks on it which suggested that it had been shot on a previous occasion, and that it was suffering as a result from some form of blood-poisoning, which rendered its flesh and fat useless.

No Wonder.

"I've found a new use for those gramophone records you bought last week and which cost such a lot of money," said his wife, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. "How clever you are," he exclaimed. "What is your latest?" "In the first place," she began, "I hold a skein of wool over my arm, tie one end of the wool on a reel, place the reel on the gramophone and then start the machine. The wool is wound up in no time!" The fond husband gasped in admiration. "But that's not all," she continued. "Tomorrow I shall place a little bath brick on one end of the records, start the gramophone and so clean the knives." He is still gasping.

Creation of New Worlds.

People ask "How was the universe created?" The fact is the universe was never "created." It is in a process of perpetual creation. It is being made, destroyed and remade all the time. The telescope and the spectroscope bring down to us pictures of parts of it in all the stages of growth and decay. The most fascinating problem of modern astronomy is the searching out of that great process; the discovery of the method of the world machine. It is a question not of what happened once in ages ago, but of what is all the time happening.

Cable and Wireless.

An announcement recently made by the directors of an ocean cable company once more emphasizes the fact that no detrimental effect whatever has been experienced by the rapid expansion of wireless telegraph communication. Just as in the familiar case of a new rapid transit system in a large city finding its own new business without taking from the traffic on existing means of transportation, so the cable companies are finding that there is ample room for both the old and the new systems in the increasing demand for transoceanic telegraphy.

Apples for Health.

The old idea that apples were the favorite fruit of the god is a plausible theory. The freshness of youth was ever possessed by those who made apples their principal diet. Certain it is that there is no food so valuable. Apples nourish the brain and spinal cord. They contain phosphorus, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, vegetable fiber and water. They cure gout and rheumatic disorder and exercise a beneficent influence on the liver and stomach. Ripe apples and bread as a diet will do more to restore health than drugs.

Americans Were "Bostoneses."

During the Revolutionary war and shortly after it, citizens of the United States were known in the Spanish colonies as "Bostoneses," probably because the war began near that town. Francisco Cruzat, Spanish lieutenant governor of Missouri, writing to the governor of Louisiana on December 8, 1777, said: "Colonists in the English territories are being forced to bear arms against the Bostoneses."

We are Exposed to Tubercular Germs

every day. Post-mortem examinations often show that tuberculosis had been arrested by strengthening the lungs before the germs gained mastery.

You can strengthen your resistance-power by taking **Scott's Emulsion**. It contains available energy in concentrated form, which quickly nourishes all the organs of the body. *It repairs waste—makes rich, active blood and supplies energy to the starving cells. It's timely use enables the body to resist tuberculosis.*

For stubborn colds and bronchitis nothing compares with **Scott's Emulsion**.

Refuse substitutes—insist on **SCOTT'S**.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-67

STOCK, CROP AND FARM NOTES

—We are receiving a carload of Percheron mares every two weeks, from one to four years old. Phone or write us.

H. T. BROWN & CO.,
Lexington Ky.
Union Stock Yards.

—Commissioner of Agriculture J. W. Newman was notified Friday that the directors of the National Berkshire Association had voted to hold its 93 meeting and exhibition at the Kentucky State Fair in September.

—Within the last few weeks C. L. Kerr, of Lexington, filed an order for a five gaited saddle mare, with a very finished and nicely gaited bay mare which he secured from W. M. Jones & Son, of North Middletown, Ky. She was sired by Marvel King and from a mare by Harrison Chief.

—Mrs. James McClure will entertain with a silver tea at her home on Vine street Thursday afternoon from two until five o'clock, for the Bourbon County School Improvement League. Each member of the league has the privilege of inviting ten guests, so this will be quite a large affair.

—A piece of ground in Nicholas county, ten poles less than three acres, with fourteen trees, thirteen stumps and space occupied by two plant beds, raised in tobacco, yielded 6,080 pounds, which sold at Carlisle at an average of 18½ cents per pound. The tobacco was raised by Strother Dailey on the farm of John M. Donnell, near Carlisle.

—Prof. W. S. Anderson, of Winchester, was appointed as chairman of the animal division of the American Breeders' Association, at its recent annual meeting in Columbia, S. C., in recognition of his investigations in the heredity of Kentucky horses. Prof. Anderson read an able treatise on "The Inheritance of Coat Color in Horses" before the association.

—After weeks of suspense in which the sale of the pooled tobacco of the Bowling Green one sucker district was held in the balance the deal was finally closed Thursday afternoon to J. W. Brown, of Louisville, who has made the purchase for several Eastern buyers and foreign markets. The deal involves about 4,000,000 pounds of tobacco and about a million dollars. The prices obtained run from 3 cents for trash up to ten cents for the best leaf.

—Mrs. Frank P. Clay entertained with a bridge party Thursday afternoon at her lovely home on the Georgetown pike. After a number of games had been enjoyed a delicious salad course luncheon was served to the following guests: Mrs. William Remington, on Mrs. Robert Metzer, Mrs. J. W. Bacon, Mrs. W. R. Scott, Mrs. Thompson Tarr, Mrs. George Stuart, Mrs. Custis Talbott, Misses Rene Owens, Corinne Collins, Clara Bacon and Josie Gardner.

Had to Be Done.

"You cannot burn the candle at both ends," said the young wife, remonstrating with her hard-working literary husband. "I'm afraid, my dear," was the reply, "it is the only way to make both ends meet."

Life Not Worth

Living for Many

Tona Vita Will Change All This In a Few Short Weeks.

Nervous, run down, worn out, half sick people are being made into strong healthy, happy, ambitious men and women every day by the tonic, Tona Vita.

This remarkable medicine is now endorsed by many leading physicians as the best tonic ever sold to the public. If you are tired all the time with irregular appetite, little ambition, weak back, poor circulation, headache, indigestion, constipation and a miserable dragging, half sick feeling, get Tona Vita at once. It will build you up like no other medicine you have ever taken. You will notice an improvement the very first day you take this pleasant tasting tonic.

Tona Vita is sold by Chas. E. Butler & Co.

New Suits Arriving

Daily



Schloss Bros., & Co.,
Baltimore, Md.,

Hand Made Suits
Are Here Direct
From The Tailors
Hands.

We are showing the new Plum, Carnation, Grey and Browns, the prices very reasonable, \$15 to \$25.

All Wool Fall Suits, newest shades at... \$10, \$12.50 and \$15.

Our Fall Line of Haws Von Gol Hats Douglass Shoes and Tiwn Bros., Special Shoes are arriving daily.

The showing we are making for Fall is in every way up to the highest class, our prices are more reasonable than elsewhere.

TWIN BROS., CLOTHING DEP'T.

L. Wollstein, Proprietor.

L. & N. TIME-TABLE

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 8, 1912

Trains Arrive

FROM	
No.	
34	Atlanta, Ga., Daily.....5.31 am
134	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....5.18 am
29	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....7.35 am
7	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....7.38 am
10	Rowland, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....7.53 am
40	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....8.12 am
37	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....9.50 am
3	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....10.20 am
12	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....10.15 am
33	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....10.34 am
26	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....12.00 am
25	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....3.10 pm
9	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....3.15 pm
138	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....3.33 pm
38	Knoxville, Tenn., Daily.....3.25 pm
5	Maysville, Ky., Daily.....5.40 pm
39	Cincinnati, O., Daily Except Sunday.....5.55 pm
30	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....6.15 pm
8	Lexington & Frankfort, Daily Except Sunday.....5.50 am
32	Jacksonville, Fla., Daily.....6.18 pm
31	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....10.50 pm

Trains Depart

TO	
No.	
34	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....5.28 am
4	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....5.35 am
29	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....7.47 am
40	Cincinnati, O., Daily Except Sunday.....8.20 am
10	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....8.20 am
137	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....9.57 am
37	Knoxville, Tenn., Daily.....9.55 am
33	Jacksonville, Fla., Daily.....10.24 am
138	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....10.25 pm
6	Maysville, Ky., Daily.....10.29 am
26	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....12.04 pm
25	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....3.40 pm
38	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....5.52 pm
9	Rowland, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....5.52 pm
39	Lexington, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....6.07 pm
32	Cincinnati, O., Daily.....6.23 pm
8	Maysville, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....6.20 pm
30	Cynthiana, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....6.35 pm
31	Lexington, Ky., Daily.....10.55 pm
13	Atlanta, Ga., Daily.....10.57 pm

F & C TIME-TABLE

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 3, 1911.

Trains Arrive

FROM	
No.	
2	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....8.13 am
4	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....8.30 pm
9	Louisville & Frankfort, Daily Except Sunday.....5.50 pm

Trains Depart

TO	
No.	
7	Frankfort & Louisville, Daily Except Sunday.....7.43 am
1	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....9.53 am
131	Frankfort, Ky., Daily Except Sunday.....5.55 pm

Are You a Cold Sufferer

Take Dr. King's New Discovery, the best cough, cold, throat and lung medicine made. Money refunded if it fails to cure you. Do not hesitate—take it at our risk. First dose helps. J. R. Wells, Floydada, Texas, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery cured my terrible cough and cold. I gained 15 pounds." Buy it at Oberdorfer's.

Luke McLuke Says.

When two women get real chummy and lay their souls bare before one another it is a sign that they are to be deadly enemies in a few weeks. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dr. King's New Discovery

It soothes irritated throat and lungs, stops chronic and hacking cough, relieves tickling throat, tastes nice. Take no other; once used, always used. Buy it at Oberdorfer's.

More Likely.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her may be right, but it is more likely that she is merely spoiled.

Mothers Can Safely Buy.

Dr. King's New Discovery and give it to the little ones when ailing and suffering with colds, coughs, throat or lung troubles, tastes nice, harmless, once used, always used. Mrs. Bruce Crawford, Niagara, Mo., writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery changed our boy from a pale, weak, sick boy to the picture of health." Always helps. Buy it at Oberdorfer's.

New Art Store!

I have opened an Art Store next to Mrs. M. A. Paton. New and fresh stock of all kinds of fancy work—

Embroidery,

Pillow Cases,

Towels,

Underwear,

Waists, Etc.

Novelties of all Kinds

Stamping Done on Short Notice — Everything guaranteed to be the best. : : : : :

Mrs. W. E. Board

5 per FARM LOANS!

cent. \$1,000 to \$100,000

W. KING & SON,
125 Chesapeake, Lexington, Ky.